

## Can a Bronx Sinker Float? It All Depends on the Hole And Harlem's Baker Wins

Was Like "Grand Old Temple of Justice" Days in Harlem's Own East Side Court When Joe Tried to Prove Louis Was Stealing His Farther North Doughnuts and Augusta, German Matron With an Eloping Daughter, Said She'd Bing-Bing Herself.

By Roger Batchelder.

It seemed like old times at the Harlem Court, which is on 111st Street, near Third Avenue. First, there was Assistant District Attorney Denno, who made one think of the old days at the grand old temple of justice, when he helped the judges tear off justice by the yard. And again, the Harlem Court is to the upper east side as Essex Market is to the lower.

Joe, who peddles doughnuts for a Bronx doughnut factory, had for some time missed a number of his wares on every trip. Whether they rolled away or just sank, Joe couldn't tell. But he had strong suspicion concerning the conduct of Louis, a Park Avenue baker of Harlem. Louis made the Harlem sinker, which he claimed was much more buoyant than the Bronx variety, and when Joe made sales of the alien products in his territory, Louis felt strongly about the matter.

"Your doughnuts sink, mine float," said Louis with some heat. "That's because mine have a smaller hole," parried Joe. At any rate, the fact remained that when Joe went back to the Bronx, he was always a grump or two short. And his boss refused to accept the explanation that they sank en route.

"Find out where they go to," he ordered, "or you'll have to pay for them." So Joe decided to Sherlock a bit. Yesterday morning he went to a house in 111th Street, where both he and Louis sold doughnuts, placed a bag containing three doughnuts in front of a door on the bottom floor, and then hid behind an ash can to find out what happened to the doughnuts. If they sank, he was determined to watch the process. At 6 o'clock along came Louis with the Harlem type of doughnut. Louis went upstairs to a customer, left some sinkers for breakfast in front of the door, and came out with a package. According to Joe, the package contained three dozen of his doughnuts.

"What are you doing with my doughnuts?" inquired Joe. "Schmoozer! them are my Harlem sinkers," came back Louis. There was a fight, and the sinkers, whether of Bronx or Harlem, strewn the streets. When the trouble was over, Joe picked up the doughnuts and brought them to court with Louis. "How do you know they are your doughnuts?" asked Judge Sweetser. "Look at the holes; they are of regulation size," said Joe. "They are not; they are the big Harlem size," protested Louis. "They are my own nice sinkers."

"I can't tell the difference between a Harlem sinker and a Bronx sinker," declared His Honor. "The evidence is not conclusive. Louis is discharged."

Next came Augusta, a true daughter of Germany. For some time Frank Orsini had courted her daughter, Esther, aged seventeen. Frank's parents came from Italy, and on that account Augusta declared that the wedding would be promulgated only over her dead body, so to speak. Not wishing to hurdle, Frank and Esther had gone to West New York, N. J., and been married in December. And as Esther was not yet of legal age, Augusta Schweitzer brought Frank to court on a charge of abduction. "I will kill her before she can marry a wop," said Augusta to Judge Sweetser. "In that case, I shall have to send you to the workhouse for threatening your daughter," said His Honor sternly. "To-morrow I will be in the coffin," declared Augusta to Esther. "To-night I will bing-bing myself. They didn't act like you in Germany. With that remark she ran from court and started down the street like

### MEAN THIEF TAKES EVEN WEDDING SUIT

When a burglar cleaned out Gus Knauster's tailor shop at No. 170 Sands Street, Brooklyn, early to-day he took even Knauster's wedding suit, which he had worn the night before. The thief went into a hallway adjoining, climbed through a transom, opened the door and removed bolts of cloth and suits by making several trips, depositing the loot in a Nassau Street hall not far away.

Policeman Frank Spollen of the Poplar Street station saw a boy juggling a big bundle and followed him. The boy dropped the bundle and fled. It was the last of \$500 worth of stuff stolen from the tailor shop, all of which was found and restored to the tailor. Policeman Spollen later arrested Frank

## The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

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Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

About Old New York  
BOWLING GREEN.

CAN you imagine how New York looked to a little Dutch boy as he entered the bay on a fragile wooden ship some 300 years ago? Do you suppose he saw the Statue of Liberty, and then the horizon bristling with the jagged roofs of "skyscrapers"? No, indeed. He passed some little green islands and finally entered a slip underneath the shadow of Fort Amsterdam.

Fort Amsterdam stood on the spot where the Custom House now is, and with its four cannons proudly protected the little village that nestled in its shadow. Directly back of the fort was Bowling Green. It was then, as it is now, a broad, open space, and served alternately as a playground, market place, parade ground and meeting place as the occasion demanded.

An afternoon visit to the Washington Heights Court, at 167th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, found everything quiet and peaceful. The only excitement coming from the attendants, come Sunday morning, after raids on gentlemen and ladies of color who deposit themselves with Mississippi marbles, leaping dominoes and such.

As every good New Yorker knows, Bowling Green got its name from the favorite game of the Dutchmen, which they played in their leisure hours on its grassy lawn. Then, and when the villagers called around the Maypoles or danced on the green, it was a playground, to be sure. It was a market place in the season when the settlers and the Indians brought their produce and the skins of the animals they had hunted in the forest.

But sometimes the little Dutch child

seen saw there sights that were not

so pleasant. Sometimes the Indian

chiefs, resplendent with feathers and

beads, gathered around a blazing fire

in Bowling Green to discuss with the

white men on serious subjects. At

such times every one held his breath

for fear of the outcome. For who in

deed could tell whether the meeting

would end in the smoke of the peace

pipe or the boom of the cannon?

MY dear Cousins: Is it true that

you enjoyed the Valentine con-

test last year so much that you

would like to have another this year?

Several letters have said so. Well,

I am glad to hear it; and your wish

shall be granted. There is little that

I would not do to please you, so

small a favor cannot be refused. We

will begin our Valentine contest

right now. Like last year, it will be

at once a drawing and a writing

contest. For a Valentine consists of

both a picture and a verse or line

of greeting.

A prize of one dollar will be given

to each of the ten kiddies, aged from

six to fifteen inclusive, who send in

the prettiest and cleverest designs

for Valentines. The picture must be

drawn and the verse or line of greet-

ing be written entirely by the sender

and must not have been copied or

traced. On the back of each Valen-

tine must be written the name, age,

address and certificate number of

the kiddie who designed it and also

the signature of one of the kiddie's

parents or guardian telling that it is

original.

COUSIN ELEANOR.

NOVEMBER CONTEST AWARD

WINNER.

Jeannie.

It was Christmas Day, 1917, in a

little town in France. Shivering

with cold, with shins shaking her lit-

tle frame, a small girl was looking at

the blackened remains of her home.

The little girl was Jeanne Acquin.

She was an orphan whose father had

been killed fighting gloriously for

France, and whose mother had been

killed by a stray German bullet.

Kind neighbors had taken the little

girl to live with them in underground

cellars. Three days before the Ger-

mans had left the village, on their

way ruthlessly destroying Jeanne's

home. On Christmas Day Jeanne

had crept from the cellar where she

was staying and had gone to look at

her home once more, not knowing

that it had been burned. And when

she saw her beloved home in ashes—

well, wouldn't you have cried, too?

It is one year later, Christmas Day,

1918. Can this little child, happy and

well clothed, who is eating a jolly

Christmas dinner, be the little Jeanne

we saw in 1917? Yes, it is! Yes, the

good, brave Americans have come

and freed France from the iron

clutches of Germany. The armistice

has been signed! Now, on Christmas

Day that wonderful organization, the

American Red Cross, is giving the

poor people a Merry Christmas.

There are good things to eat, warm

clothes to wear, and whole pile toys

for the little ones. Little Jeanne, in

a corner, is hugging a doll in one

hand and holding a big piece of cake

in the other.

Now the feast is over. A man

jumps up, crying, "Vive les Améri-

cains!" And all the others cry, "Vive

les Américains!"

EVELYN MAHER, aged 15 years,

Mount Vernon.

Letters From Kiddies.

DEAR COUSIN ELEANOR: I want

to see the play, "The Wishing

Ring," and I think it was the nicest

play I ever saw. I also read the

book. I did not miss one single word. I followed the play from the book, and I could tell each one as they came on the stage. When it was all over I thought I was in Fairyland myself. Your little cousin,  
CLINTON CLEARY, Jersey City.

DEAR COUSIN ELEANOR: You need not worry about the kiddies. The play was a success. Every kiddie that was in or out of the play just tried to make it so. Our violinist was wonderful. The girl with the peacock feathers was lovely, too. I don't think I could describe to you how wonderful—how lovely—it was. I and nearly forgotten to say that I thank you very much for sending me the tickets. I hope some of your other productions will soon be out and that we can try and have EVERYBODY come. Your cousin, CLARA LUKEN-SOM, New York.

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